Percy S. LEIGH HUNT (1817-)
Son of the Essayist & Poet.

Lit.

Langholm
(35 Station Road)
Bexhill-on-Sea
7 Feb. 1899

My dear Friend

Thinking it may per-haps make a pleasing addition to your library I send you the last addition of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" with an involved symphathetic hope that it may prove acceptable to your literary taste. I can't think why they have printed the work with such a cynical not to say diabolical and exaggerated caricature of the original portrait which as a

itself was quite cynical enough to satisfy the most inimical critics of the talented and Revd. "Gribble".

No one can more sincerely wish for your daily approach towards convalescence than your highly and thoroughly unconformed (theologically speaking) invalid, and affectionate friend.

Percy L. Leigh Hunt.

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134 Portsdown Mansions
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* Mark you "Gribble" is a good and handy word to apply to some males, as "Grunge" is to some females

P. S. Your last letter being addressed by another hand implies the existence of a mournful feature indeed in the story of your invalidism which I trust time the great healer and adjuster of human sorrows and troubles will enable you to surmount with ease, seeing that you are at least 14 or 15 years my Junior. We can look upon nothing in this world, however depressing and trying bodily or mentally as irremediable (to a manly and heartily

Shakespeare says "there is much virtue in "If" Hunt (to me an echo of the opinion of one of 5 says "there is much virtue in "An" for instance) Frank, free, fresh, frowzy, fret, afraid, freckled, frosty, freckles, fruit, fry. &c.

well) excepting always that
insatiable destroyer — God.
so mankind and disjointed
world Death, — because
human life is always so
"tossed up" with oblivion.
Horrid! — but true.